

No Boiz Allowd!

by Crystalgurl101

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Summary: Hmm! Lately, the Ham Ham girls have been nothing BUT confusing to the boys. But when Crystal holds a super secret girls only sleepover, they plan to crash it. BIG mistake...! Rated T for...well, ya'll know already! Chp. 2 Updated! R&R.

1. Girls, Sometimes You Just Don't Get 'Em!

No Boiz Allowd!

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>AN: Now, I'm gonna give ya'll a fair warning: THIS IS A CHICK FIC! Or in other words, a story made specifically for girls--for very important, personal, "puberty" reasons!
**

**_Cough._ **

So, if you're a guy, but you know what the heck I'm talking about in this story and you've been taught about this in Health class, then you are totally free to read along with us gals! Besides, I think you might enjoy it a bit!

Okay...whatever! I hope you enjoy my newest story, "No Boiz Allowd!"

Disclaimer: I only own Crystal. So, BACK OFF, Supreme Court!

PS: The Ham-Hams are human hams, BTW. Thirteen year old human hams!

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>Chapter 1: Girls. Sometimes, You Just Don't Get 'Em!

"Dude...are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Totally!" thirteen year old Stan Toorani nodded confidentially. He heard a sigh on the other line as he held his green camouflaged-skinned cellphone to his ear. "Stan, I dunno! I mean, you **know **how Crystal can be with all your little pranks and such!" a doubtful Jingle told him. He wasn't too far away, just in the basement, hanging upside-down from a chair with his speakerphone on.

Jingle, Stan and all of their friends, the Ham-Hams lived together in one gigantic motel-like mansion. Well...it sort of **was** originally a motel with about twenty bedrooms, private bathrooms in each room, living room, kitchen, dining room, attic and basement, all for them to do whatever they wanted with it. Sixteen year old Boss, the oldest, was in charge of everyone and everything in the house.

Stan rolled his eyes. "Ahhh, come on! Crys has forgiven me for **every **prank I've pulled on her! This one won't be any different!" he replied carelessly. Crystal Donaldson was Stan's best friend. She had silky brown hair and pretty aqua-green eyes. Something you didn't usually find in every other Puerto Rican/Spanish girl. Course, it must've had something to do with her additional Italian and American background.

"Okay, look. It's **just **a prank! We've pulled millions of 'em on all the girls! So, what are you freaking out about?" Stan demanded as he walked down the hallways on the second floor. He stopped when he found Crystal's door. "Look dude, not to be a scientist or whatever, but have you noticed something...different about the girls?" Jingle asked.

"Hmmm...**other **than the fact that their bodies are 'developing,' then I don't think so!" Stan smirked amusedly. "Well, yes--gah, I mean **NO!**" Stan chuckled, knowing Jingle had been daydreaming about Pashmina's legs again. "What I **meant** to say was that, the girls have been, you know, a little **off!**" Haven't you noticed that, Stan?"

"Ehhhh...not really!" Stan shook his head carelessly. "Stan, I'm **telling **you! The other day in math, I placed a whoopie cushion on Sandy's chair--and she beat me to a pulp the second I was on the street after school!" Jingle warned. "What? Wait, you said a runaway chimpanzee from the circus attacked you that day, mistaking you for his trainer!" Stan cocked his head.

"Hey, either way, Sandy's an animal!" Jingle exclaimed. _And she's got a mean headlock too!_ he silently added, rubbing his neck. "Watch it, Jingle! That's my twin sis you're talking about!" Stan shot back as he headed for the porch.

"Stan! Don't do it! They've been **really** uncool about our pranks recently! Just ask Hamtaro! Poor...little...Hamtaro! He was so young..." Jingle muttered the last part sadly, shaking his head in mock-sorrow.

"Didn't he **just **come out of the hospital for tripping down the stairs over a plush elephant?" Stan asked. "HA!" Jingle threw back his head and laughed. "Did **Crystal **tell you that?"

"..." Stan's eyes widened slowly when he got the hint. "What did Hamtaro do?" the redhead said. "All I can say is, it **all** started with a harmless prank on Crystal!" Jingle left Stan to wonder about the rest. (**A/N: O-O;;**)

"Look, whatever Crystal's going through,** I'm **here for her! After all, who do you think is the one she tells all her secrets to?" Stan boasted. "Bijou?" Jingle teased. Stan glared as Jingle laughed. "Just kidding, man!"

Stan scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Look, I'm gonna be in Crystal's room for a while, so I'll tell you everything when I come down, okay?" Jingle was having Stan, and the other guys over for an all-boys sleepover in the basement.

"Fine, dude. But don't say I didn't warn yaaaaa'!" Jingle cooed. "Thank alot, **Mom!**" Stan taunted. "HEY!" Jingle complained. Stan laughed. "Alright, bye!" he smiled. "Bye!" Jingle replied and hung up. Stan snapped his phone shut as well.

Back in the basement, Hamtaro, Oxnard, Maxwell and Panda were just arriving. They had heard Jingle warning whoever it was on the phone as they came down the stairs leading to the kitchen upstairs.

"Hey, Jingle. Who was that?" Oxnard asked, his sleeping bag slung over his shoulder. "Stan. He's gonna be at Crystal's for a while." Jingle sighed. He ran his fingers through the brown mohawk dyed in the middle of his neck-lengthed sandy blonde hair.

"Doing what?" Panda added. "Watching a movie. But he said he's got a new prank up his sleeve for her." Jingle explained. "A **prank?**" Hamtaro's sapphire blue eyes widened in horror. "I was trying to warn him! Honest!" Jingle shrugged. "DUDE! Doesn't he know what the girls are capable of these days?" Oxnard gasped. "Apparently, not!" Jingle frowned.

"Stan is **so** dead!" Maxwell shook his head.

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KNOCK KNOCK!

"Coming!"

**...KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK!**

"I **saaaaaiiid **I was coming!"

**...KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK!**

"COMING, DAMNIT!" Crystal growled and rubbed her forehead in frustration. She rushed to her bedroom door as she adjusted her miniskirt. "GOD, why is it that people don't wait patiently for you anymore? Besides, I already said I was com--**EEP,** STAN!" Crystal squealed as she opened the door to find the redhead smiling

innocently at her.

The brunette hid behind the door, blushing like crazy. _Oh God, I can't let **him **see me like this!_ she silently moaned. "Hey Crys! So, where's that new DVD you wanted to show me?" Stan walked in, making sure to pull off his shoes and leave them by the doorstep. Crystal, ducked her head, shutting the door.

"E-Ehh...a-ahhh...b-by th-t-the TV! Wh-W-Where t-the DVD player is! T-That way!" Crystal pointed towards her TV, even though Stan had been to Crystal's room at least a thousand times the past month. "Crys...I know every room in this house like the back of my hand! Thanks, anyways!" Stan chuckled. Crystal bit at her thumbnail in embarrassment. _God forbid he sees me!_

Both tweens made their way to Crystal's big bed. Stan bounced happily on it and landed on his stomach. Crystal rushed past him, her head still ducked as she grabbed the DVD box. She pulled out the disc and put it in the DVD player. Once that was done, she grabbed the remote for the DVD player and turned down the lights.

"Hey. What was that for?" Stan wondered. "U-Uhhh...i-it's a little hot in here! And besides...w-we kinda need to l-lay off on the electricity! Electric company's orders." Crystal lied. Stan cocked an eyebrow amusedly as Crystal laid on her stomach beside him with the remote control. "Uhhh, okay!" he shrugged. _Since when does Crys care about money?_

Eventually, the movie started, and Crystal started feeling more comfortable around Stan. After all, he couldn't see her, so what he didn't know, wouldn't hurt him, right? Stan noticed this and smirked to himself. He knew that what Crystal had rented was horror, which made his prank perfect for the event.

As the movie deepened into the plot, the movie only got scarier and creepier. Crystal, as if on queue, started inching towards Stan, on account scary movies always freaked her out. At first, she hated it. But eventually, she started to enjoy being scared out of her wit. She still refused to watch them alone though. Inchng towards Stan only meant one thing: anything that moved would scare the living hell out of Crystal!

Slowly, Stan pulled something out of his pocket. It was a horrible, large and quite hairy plastic spider. Stan had been searching for the most realistic-looking fake spider he could find all over San Diego. But when he did, he hit the jackpot: this one vibrated when you pulled the string attached to it!

Stan silently pulled the soundless string and held on so it wouldn't start shivering. Yet. He grimaced. The spider was **so** gross! And it was huge! _This one's gonna give Crystal a heart attack!_ he thought evilly to himself.

"Crys, you can come closer if you want." Stan offered sweetly, lifting his arm(making sure to keep his hand away from her), and draping it around Crystal's shoulder. Crystal hesitated, but gratefully accepted.

Stan smirked to himself. The hand held onto the spider tightly. Crystal almost leaned on Stan, but stayed where she was. "Man, this

is freaky!" Crystal hissed. "Heh. I know." Stan nodded, turning his attention to the spider.

That morning, when Crystal invited Stan to watch the movie with her, he was sure to ask which one. Then, he secretly went and rented it, so he would know exactly when the freakiest moments of the flick would be. That way, when he saw it with Crystal, he would scare her with the spider at the perfect moment. And that moment was coming in a mere thirty seconds.

As the music only got louder, and the tension grew higher, Stan made this his queue to inch his hand slowly towards Crystal's head. The spider had a little bit of a stickiness to it's legs, so if Crystal moved, it would cling to her for only a few seconds. He had ****seriously ****hit the jackpot this time!

Closer and closer, the moment drew. Louder and louder the music got. And Crystal grew tenser and jumpier by the second! By now, Stan had the spider right over her shoulder.

Finally, just as the music went into it's screeching climax, Stan let out a ****"SPIDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR!"**** and dropped the spider. As he let go of the string, it began to vibrate violently.

"AA
AA
AAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
II
EEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" Crystal immedietaly started freaking out. She
flew out of the bed and waved her arms wildly. She spun around, her
hair all over the place.

"EWWWW! HELP ME, STAN! HELP ME! GET IF OFF ME! GET IT OFF ME! GET IT
OFF ME! GET IT **OFF** OF ME!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!" Crystal could do
nothing but scream.

Stan acted like a maniac as well, screaming out things like, "GET IF OFF, CRY! IT'S GONNA BITE'CHA! **UGH!** THAT SPIDER IS **HUGE!**" HURRY CRY! EWWW! IT MOVED! GROSS!" until he cracked, broke character and doubled over laughing.

Finally, Crystal grabbed the spider and threw it across the room. It hit the wall with a loud "THUD!" and slumped onto the floor, still vibrating. "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!" Crystal shrieked, shuddering from the disgusting experience. Her hair was frizzy and all over the place. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were wild and out of control. Her clothes were wrinkled.

Crystal's heart pounded hard against her chest. DAMN THESE SPIDERS! Suddenly, the spider stopped shivering. Crystal was certain it was dead. Until she saw the last few centimeters of a white string disappearing into the spider's back.

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_A string? What's a string doing on it's--Wait a minute, IT'S A
**FAKE!**
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"Stan, the--" Crystal, however stopped when she saw Stan falling out

of the bed from laughing so hard, pounding his fist against the carpeted floor and gasping for air. After a millisecond of silence, he burst out into another fit of uncontrolled laughter.

"Ohhh man! Crys, you should've seen yourself! It was priceless! Haha!" Stan managed to spit out before cackling out loud again and falling back onto the floor, clutching his stomach.

Crystal just then saw the light. "You **pranked **me!" she demanded. "DUUUUH! And God, it was awesome! You totally fell for it!" Stan pointed at Crystal teasingly, tears starting to roll down his cheeks.

A few seconds later, Crystal started to shake. Her cheeks flushed from embarrassment and rage. She suddenly started seeing red. The Taurus bull within her began to take over. She growled at an unaware Stan, who was on his stomach, pounding the floor again with his fist.

"GrrrrrrRRRRRR...**YOU
BASTAAARD!**"

"Hu--" Out of nowhere, as Stan sat up, he was tackled to the ground by a furious Crystal. He saw that her eyes were no longer a sweet aqua-green. They almost looked like an evil blood-red. She had steam pouring out of her ears and her nostrils.

"CRYS! What's wrong with your eyes? They're glowing!" he exclaimed. She had his arms pinned to the ground, and their noses were inches apart. "Stanley...I'm..gonna..**KILL **YOU!" she roared.

"Heke! Crystal, relax! It was just a joke! You'd always laugh at our pranks!" Stan coaxed. "Well, things change! And this was different, you A-HOLE!" Crystal hissed. Stan's eyes widened in horror. Was **this **what he had been warned about earlier? _I gotta get outta here! Try to calm her down a bit!_ Thankfully, he found his way out of Crystal's grasp.

By reaching up and kissing her **hard **on the lips!

"**EEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWW!**" Crystal broke the kiss and jumped off of Stan.

Now's my chance! Stan rolled around, hopped to his feet...and gagged from the kiss. "UGH! Man, that was foul!" he spat onto the ground. Crystal wiped her lips hard, scrunched up her nose and glared up at Stan. "Now, I'm **really **gonna get 'cha you pervert!" she yelled.

Stan screamed like a little girl and took off just before Crystal could knock him out with the boomerang-like DVD box. "What you did was rude, insensitive and so not something you do to your best galfriend!" Crystal scolded as she ran after him around and around the bedroom.

"You think I **WANTED** to kiss you? I'm just as nauseous as you are!" Stan replied as he found himself backed up against a corner. "I was talking about THE DAMN FAKE SPIDER!" Crystal's eyes became slits

as she neared up to his face.

Stan suddenly noticed Crystal's face for the first time all night.

"Hey, Crys...is that a zit?"

"...!..."

â™¥ _Half an hour later... _â™¥

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

Jingle and the others perked up at the sound of knocking against the door that led to the backyard. They were in the basement, enjoying themselves to a game of Monopoly. They all stared knowingly at each other. "Gee. I wonder who ****that**** could be?" Jingle cooed sarcastically. He hopped to his feet and opened the door.

Stan just then hobbled inside, one hand clutching his side. "S-SHE'S AN ANIMAL! A PURE SAVAGE, I TELL YA'! ****Ouch****..." he flinched in pain as he collapsed onto the comfy sofa. "Lemme guess. Crystal beat the living daylights outta you for that prank you told me about." Jingle smirked in triumph as he shut the door.

"Don't get me started." Stan frowned up at him, rubbing his sore shoulder. The guys winced sympathetically at Stan. The poor guy was a mess. His hair and clothes were wrinkled up, scruffier than usual and dirty, like he had been rolling around in dirt for ten minutes. His cheek looked like it was slightly swelling up. He had a few pink, red blue, and purple bruises, scratches and scrapes all over his body.

"Sooo...what did you do?" Panda asked with a sigh. "Nothing! All I did was put a fake spider on her shoulder and she flipped the whole 360 degrees into the air!" Stan explained. "Oh really? ****Just**** a fake spider?" Boss cocked an eyebrow.

"Yeah..." Stan nodded. The boys frowned disapprovingly.

"...with a vibrating string attachment..." Stan added. The boys' scowls grew.

"...and sticky legs..." Stan confessed.

"...and real spider-like features."

"Well, there we go!" Oxnard shrugged. "But I swear, she was insane! She pinned me to the ground, and before she could do anything, I kissed her to get her off." Stan said. "Ewww!" the boys grimaced.

"I know. It was ****not**** pleasant!" Stan shook his head. "Anyways, I started running for my life, cause she was threatening me. Finally, she trapped me in a corner and beat me like raw meat! And then, she ****threw me out from her window****--LITERALLY! And I have the mark to prove it!" Stan massaged his behind from landing in those bushes.

"Damn! What else did you do to her?" Hamtaro asked. "****NO****-THING! I'm telling you!" Stan told him. "Did you insult her, or anything

like that to get you kicked out? Cause compared to what happened between me and Sandy, she was only feeling sorry for me." Jingle wondered.

"Well...I ****did**** ask her about this tiny zit on her face. B-But that was it!" Stan confessed. "She had a zit?" Howdy looked surprised. "Yeah, but it was ****microscopic!**** All I did was ask, 'Crys, is that a zit on your forehead?' and she went ballistic! She was all like, 'How dare you!' 'You insensitive, know-it-all, clear-skinned, pretty boy!' 'Get out of my room!' Dadadadada!" Stan explained.

Hamtaro couldn't help but let out a laugh. "She called you a pretty boy?" he snickered. Stan blushed. "Sorta."

"Whoo! Crystal sounds pretty steamed." Jingle folded his arms across his chest and leaned against the wall.

Stan nodded and stared at the floor. He also couldn't help but note that Crystal had looked offended when he had pointed out the tiny pimple. Almost hurt too. He barely saw the tears welling up in the corners of her eyes. He felt that he couldn't tell the boys though. _Yeah, sure they're my guys, but Crystal's my best friend. I couldn't do that to her!_

"She ****is**** steamed! Do ya' think she'll come around?" Stan asked, not exactly sounding hopeful. "Oh obviously! Crys wouldn't just dump you and leave it at that. No way!" Hamtaro reassured him. Stan sighed and rubbed his arm once more. "Thanks...say, does anybody got any ice?"

Jingle pointed at the mini-fridge. "Knowing you were gonna be with Crystal, we prepared you the ice packs an hour ago."

â™¥ _Meanwhile, upstairs... _â™¥

Crystal continued to type angrily at her laptop.

****_AND** he pointed out the humongo-gigantic zit on my forehead!_** she wrote it down in the IM reply box. She was in the middle of an IM chat with Bijou after throwing Stan out of her window. ****_That lil pretty boy! Just b/c he's blemish-free, doesn't give him a rite 2 rub it in!_**** she later added before Bijou could reply.

****_Crystal...ur zit is the size of a brain cell! Relax!_**** Bijou's response popped out with a "PING!" Crystal's jaw dropped in disbelief. "Do NOT tell me she feels sorry for Stan!" she muttered.

****_BIJOOOUUU? Ur supposed 2 b on MY side!_**** she whined on IM.

****_Sorry Crystal, but u should really take it EZ! Ur zit will vanish! R u usin that cream i gave u?_**** Bijou typed back.

****_Yeah._**** Crystal typed.

****_Then it will work!_**** Bijou added a smiley face to her reply. Crystal pursed her lips. "I hope it will." she sighed.

****_Hey, Bij. BRB. Gotta pee._**** Crystal typed before standing up and

walking into her private bathroom.

She couldn't help but think back at Stan. _Hmm...do you think I was harsh on him?_ she asked herself. After all, Crystal had been acting wierd lately. **And** she had thrown him out her window. She just wasn't herself anymore. Not to mention she got sicker than usual. Well...it was more like these horrible cramps she felt in her stomach area. Sometimes, they were so painful, she could barely walk! (**A/N: Too true! X.x**)

"First, the cramps. Then, the temper. Now, this zit!" Crystal sighed as she glared at the pimple staring back at her in the mirror. Sure. Recently, Crystal's temper had been incredibly short. Anything stupid that the boys tried pulling on the girls especially blew her top. Sandy, Bijou and Pashmina had been experiencing the same thing. However, Crystal didn't really know that.

"Ouch!" Crystal winced and bent over. The cramps from Cramp Hell were kicking back. "Owwwww! What is happening to me?" Crystal moaned. Finally, when she was finally able to pull her skirt down, she sat down and bent over to ease the pain. After a few minutes of fighting and resisting the aching cramps finally eased down.

Crystal sighed and opened her eyes. Then, something unfamiliar caught her eye. When she took a closer look, her face was drained of it's color.

"Oh my God!"

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>AN: Dun dun duuuuuuuun! What do you think happened(although, it might be pretty obvious to some of you's)? And that's the end of Chapter 1! Sorry if it's so short. But this IS a short story! Not like one of those long soap-opera dramas(Although, I love those)! PLZ be patient with me! Chapter 2 will arrive as soon as it can!**

**Muah! Lots of love, **

**Crystalgurl101 **â™¥

2. Misadventures In Upskirting People!

A/N: Hi everybody! This is Crystalgurl101, with the second chapter of "No Boiz Alowd!" I really appreciated the reviews I got for the first chapter. They REALLY cracked me up! Well, thanks for waiting. Here's chapter 2, which is pretty long. So, I'll help save you the troubles by shutting up. Enjoy!

**Disclaimer: I only own Crystal. **

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Chapter 2: Misadventures In Upskirting People

Pashmina Samantha Mafura pushed a strand of her long honey-blonde hair from her pretty blue-green eyes. It was Friday, the morning after the nasty Stan-and-Crystal situation. She, Pepper and Sandy had gotten the word about what had happened in homeroom a few hours ago from Bijou. Crystal was too quiet to say anything.

I wonder what was bugging Crystal this morning. Pashmina thought to herself. While they were chatting along, like nothing had happened, Crystal suddenly spoke up from the first time that day. She was going to say something, but suddenly stopped. The apples of her cheeks turned pink and she simply sat back against her chair and folded her arms across her chest.

"What's up Crys?" Sandy had cocked her head at her. Crystal hadn't answered for a few minutes. "Crystal? What in heaven's name is wrong? You've been all...mute-like all day!" Pepper added. "Hm?" Crystal suddenly perked up.

"Crystal, what eez zee matter? Why are you so quiet?" Bijou looked at her friend with concern. "Uhh..no-n-nothing! Nothing! I-I was just a little sidetracked is all!" Crystal shook her head.

Pashmina let out another worried sigh as she fumbled through her locker. Just then, she dropped her lip gloss. She sweatdropped. _I am NOT bending all the way down there to get it! Not in THIS trashy skirt!_ she thought.

On Saturday, Sandy had bought Pashmina a cute miniskirt that had perfectly matched her favorite pink top. However, Pashmina felt it was way too short for her to wear in public.

And this morning, Sandy had come over to her room extra early and forced her to wear to school today. Pashmina simply wrapped her raincoat around her waist. Pepper snatched it away and stuffed it in her gym locker. Pashmina looked down at the skirt in disgust.

It's adorable, but GOD! Are they not aware of how visible my underwear is in this thing? They should've added more fabric! she thought. For the forty-seventh time that day, she pulled the hems of her skirt down.

"Ummm...Pashmina?" Bijou came up from behind Pashmina. "I-I can see your underwear." she frowned.

Pashmina paled. "EEEEEEEEEEEEEP! I KNEW IT! QUICK, GIMME YOUR SWEATER! **DON'T LOOK AT ME!**" Pashmina crossed her legs together and pulled her skirt down even more. "**_Non! Non!_** I mean, I can see zee **waistline **of your underwear!" Bijou corrected. She pulled Pashmina's skirt up. "Pull eet up a bit more!"

"HECK NO!" Pashmina grabbed her backpack and squished it against her behind. "This skirt is so dang short! I don't even know how Sandy was convinced it wouldn't be too short for me!" Bijou sighed. "Pashmina, look at yourself! You're being ridiculous! You have zee legz anybody would kill for! And if you got eet, FLAUNT EET!" she told her, pulling the skirt up to her hips.

Pashmina pulled it back down. "But I don't wanna flaunt! I WANNA' LONGER SKIRT!" she wailed. "Shhh! People will hear you!" Bijou covered the blonde's mouth.

Then, she spotted Pashmina's lip gloss on the ground. "You dropped your lip gloss." she said. "I know. Can you pick it up for me?" Pashmina stared up at Bijou pleadingly. Bijou rolled her eyes and scooped it up.

"C'mon. Let's head to the library." Pashmina slammed her locker shut and swung her backpack over her shoulder. Her and Bijou planned to head to the school library to look up a couple of things for their homework during their Study Hall period. Bijou nodded and walked beside her. Pashmina placed her hand on the waistline of her skirt, really to tug it down. Bijou slapped her hand off.

"..."

"Where are they?"

"I dunno! You were watching them!"

"..."

"You ****were**** watching them, weren't you?"

"I thought ****you **were** watching them!"

"Oh, for God's sake! Depend on you to screw up!"

Two heads suddenly poked out of the innocent janitor's closet a few feet away from Pashmina's locker. One belonged to Jingle. Another belonged to Howdy. They squeaked the door open a little more. "Quick, let's get outta here!" Jingle clutched the video camera in his pocket and carefully turned it on.

"Man, I ****owe **Stan** for allowing us to borrow this thing!" he smiled. "I know! Can you believe how ****easy **it** was for us? Lil' sucker is gonna miss out big time with us!" Howdy added.

â™¥ _Flashback... _â™¥

"But Sandyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" Pashmina stamped her foot.

"Don't you 'But Sandy' me, Mafura! Now you're wearing that skirt that way and that's final!" Sandy ordered. "But look at me, Sandy! I look like a prostitute! Do you ****see **how** much skin I'm showing! I feel naked!" Pashmina crossed her arms across her chest insecurely.

Sandy and Pashmina were in the girls' bathroom, getting ready for school. It was before homeroom and Pashmina right now was dying of fear from her "ridiculously-super-short-miniskirt-from-Total-Slutsville-USA." And standing outside the bathroom door was Howdy and Jingle.

"Did you hear that?**** Pashmina's naked!****" Howdy hissed excitedly. "Shut up, you blockhead! She said she ****feels **naked!**" Jingle slapped him over the head. "From the top or the bottom?" Howdy asked. "I dunno, now be quiet so I can hear where!" Jingle shushed him.

"Sandy, pleeeeeeeeeaaaaaaase don't make me wear this skirt out in public!" Pashmina pleaded. "Bottom." Jingle answered Howdy's last question. "Well, you're outta the house. You **are **in public!" Sandy told her.

"Ugh, I mean can I at least walk in this school with my dignity--**and** my jacket tied around my waist!" Pashmina asked. "OF COURSE NOT! Your jacket wouldn't even match!" Sandy answered.

"Sandyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy?!" Pashmina cried. "Listen, Pashy. Babe? Sweetheart? You're gonna wear that, got it? Besides, it totally compliments your sexy legs!" Sandy smiled.

"Sexy?" Jingle and Howdy repeated.

"SANDY!" Pashmina blushed a cherry red. "I don't wanna be sexy! I wanna be...average-looking! Is there any way to un-sexify my legs? You know, plastic surgery can change **any** body part! I've seen the TV shows!"

"Pash! You get your sexiness from birth, they just don't show until you're grown up when you hit puberty. And you can't just get rid of 'em! It's like chopping off a part of your family's traits--which is physically impossible." Sandy told her. "Like me for example! I have great arms!" the redhead flexed her muscles sarcastically.

"Can I at least hide them until I'm actually **old **enough to show them off?" Pashmina asked.

"Pashmina, shut up! You're never old enough to flaunt your hot legs! And that cute little behind to go with it, you sexual beast, you!" Sandy teasingly whacked Pashmina's butt with her notebook. "WHAT!?" Pashmina squealed and quickly leaned against the wall. "Sandy!" she threatened. "What have told you about slapping my butt?"

"Slapping butts?" Jingle and Howdy eyed each other.

"Pashmina, please wear it! Just one day! For me?" Sandy begged. "You obviously have no clue how much that cost me! I had to save up the money for weeks and weeks and weeks...*_deep heavy sigh_*...and now, all my gut-wrenching, heart-breaking, lung-squeezing, throat-clogging work was done for nothing. ABSOLUTELY nothing at all...!"

"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll wear it!" Pashmina's guilt gave in defeatingly. "Seriously?" Sandy's eyes lit up. "Yeah, yeah! I'll wear it. But just this once! Cause lemme tell you, a mini without shorts underneath is very uncomfortable!" Pashmina placed her hands on her hips.

"Don't worry about that, Pash! As long as no immature perverts know about that and you're careful when you bend down, then you're safe! Besides, isn't the breeze refreshing from down there?" Sandy replied.

By now, Howdy was bug-eyed.

"**No**...shorts?" he panted. "You're drooling again." Jingle

pointed. "ACK!" Howdy rubbed his chin. "C'mere," Jingle dragged Howdy away from the door and pulled him into a corner. "Okay, we have GOT to take a look down there! Pashy has **thee **hottest legs ever! Imagine what underwear she wears?" Jingle whispered.

"Tell me 'bout it! But how in the hells are we gonna be able to get complete access?" Howdy asked. "Well...I hear they use cameras to peek under the skirts." Jingle rubbed his chin. "But cameras aren't allowed in school. How can we get one?" Howdy said. Jingle sighed. "Good question. But surely, someone has a secret camera in this school. We'll need to find a professional!"

"Psst."

"Heke?" Suddenly, the two boys turned around to find a shadowy figure sitting on the windowsill of a huge sunny window. Jingle squinted. "Can we help you?" he called. "The real question here is, can** I **help **you?*" the figure smirked. "Beg yur' pardon?" Howdy cocked an eyebrow.

The figure jumped down and the blindness of the light vanished, making the person clearly visible. It was Stan!

"Listen, you need a camera, right?" he asked. "S-Ssssssorta...?" Jingle shrugged cautiously. "Undie-Peek?" Stan guessed. "Maybe...?" Howdy confessed. Stan smiled and stuffed his hands in his pocket. "Jingle. My man! Come close." he motioned Jingle to step closer. Jingle sweatdropped, but obeyed. Stan looked around and quickly slapped something in Jingle's palm.

Jingle looked down. His hazel eyes widened. "DUDE! How were you able to hide this?" he exclaimed. "Big pockets." Stan pointed at his sweater. Howdy peeked over Jingle's shoulder.

"Holy St. Joseph! That camera's tiny!" he gaped at the digital camera in Jingle's hand. "And perfect for undie-peeking access. If you put it in the right angle, you'll have full view." Stan told them.

"This is perfect! God, you're good!" Jingle said. "I know I am!" Stan shrugged innocently. "Man, this is gonna be sweet! Our first Undie-Peekaroo!" Howdy grinned. "So! Who's the lucky girl?" Stan couldn't help but ask. "Pashmina." Jingle answered. "Pashy-babe?" Stan's blue eyes widened. "She rarely wears skirts! A bit of a challenge if I do say so myself!"

"Yeah, but we just overheard Sandy forcing her to wear this skimpy, sexy skirt for the day." Howdy explained. "With no shorts!" Jingle added. "Whoo! That should be a good one, especially coming from Pashy-babe!" Stan chuckled.

"Sure are! Hey, wanna come along?" Jingle offered. "Ehh, wish I could, but I have errands. But promise me you'll show us all the tape?" Stan said. "Hell-to-the-yeah!" Jingle nodded.

"Well, I gotta run. Take care of that thing! I had to make alot of connections to get it!" Stan warned. "Don't worry. Your cam is in good hands." Jingle reassured Stan with a clap on the shoulder. With a nod, the redhead gave a good-bye salute and ran down the hallway.

When he turned the corner though, he ran right into Crystal.

â™¥ _Flashback ends... _â™¥

"Now remember. You cannot let Pashmina nor Bij see you. And if we wanna see their underwear, we're gonna have to do it when they're going up the stairs." Jingle whispered. "Got it!" Howdy nodded. Then, he frowned at Jingle. "Say, why do **you **get to hold the camera an' film everythin'?"

"Because I actually work better with technology." Jingle smirked as he put the digital camera in video-camera mode. "That incident at the chocolate factory was an accident!" Howdy glared. "The button had 'ON' in big bold words and you **still **pressed it!" Jingle replied. "The 'N' was smushed up!" Howdy defended himself. "Shh! Listen!" Jingle suddenly shushed him.

"Bijou, let's use the elevator! The stairs look...slippery today!" Pashmina's voice barely echoed from around the corner. "Oh, **_mon Dieu!_** Pashmina, don't be such a chicken! Zhere eez nobody around to see you, now let's go!" Bijou growled. Pashmina let out a defeated moan.

"They're going up the stairs!" Jingle slapped Howdy's shoulder and both boys quickly rushed around the corner. They were just in time to see Bijou drop her books in the middle of the stairs.

"AAAAAAARRRRGH! Darn eet!" Bijou bent down to pick them up. "Lemme help!" Pashmina's good nature came into place. Cautiously, she looked around for any horny guys, smoothed the back of her skirt and bent to her knees.

"Score!" Howdy hissed as he silently high-fived Jingle. "C'mon!" Jingle tip-toed to a spot under the stairs, Howdy at his side. Jingle pointed the camera towards Pashmina's skirt and pressed Record. Howdy squinted and leaned in closer.

"I can't see anything." he whispered.

"Neither can I!" Jingle added.

"Lean in to the left." Howdy pointed.

Jingle did as he was told. He could see a bit of her upper thigh. His heart skipped a beat. _This is so cool! But I still can't see anything!_ he thought. Suddenly, Pashmina stood up, grabbing onto her skirt. "What was that?" she looked around like a deer sensing danger.

Jingle and Howdy quickly slapped each other's arms for no reason and ducked underneath the stairs. "What was what?" Bijou stood up with her books. "That! Th-T-That...that noise!" Pashmina answered.

"**What** noise?" Bijou looked confused. "That...crinkling sound! Like a candy wrapper being stepped on! I heard it Bijou, I swear!" Pashmina turned around, alert.

Jingle looked down and almost got a heart attack. A Jolly Ranchers wrapper was under his sneaker. "Pashmina, get a grip! I heard nozzing, and my hearing never fails moi!" Bijou rolled her eyes. "Now

are we going to zee library, or not?" Pashmina took one last look over her shoulder and followed Bijou up the stairs.

"Dang-nabbit! We were so close!" Howdy cursed. "Shoot! Now, we'll have to take a look upstairs with them." Jingle pressed Stop and deleted the useless film he had recorded. "But how? Stairs are the easiest spot to look under a girl!" Howdy asked. "True...but it's not the **only **spot!" Jingle smirked evilly.

â™¥

"Let's see...Computer Lab...Science Storage Closet...a-ha! Library!" Pashmina smiled as she spotted the library a few yards away. "Hold on a minute, Pashy. I forgot my folder in my locker." Unlike Pashmina, Bijou's locker was right by the library in the second floor. She quickly ran to it and turned the dial to it's combination numbers. Pashmina patiently waited for her a few feet away.

SQUEAK!

At the same time, Bijou's locker swung open, two bottom lockers right behind Pashmina did as well. Pashmina failed to see them. Jingle and Howdy poked their heads out of the lockers. When they saw how close to Pashmina was to them, they ducked back inside. "There she is!" Jingle whispered under his breath. "Now's our chance!"

"Hmmm...how the hell can people even fit in this locker?" Howdy wondered to the wall sperating him and Jingle's lockers. "Shh! If we run outta time, we'll have to squeeze into more lockers!" Jingle hissed. "Partner, I am **not **squeezing m'self in any more lockers!" Howdy refused. "Shut **up**, man!" Jingle glared.

"God, I'm thirsty!" Pashmina was heard from outside. She walked to the water fountain next to Jingle and bent over for a sip. _PERFECT! Now smile for the camera, Pashy dear!_ Jingle thought happily.

He pressed Record on the camera again and stretched his arm out towards Pashmina. He squinted to see the screen. Howdy looked on next-door. And just when Jingle was getting in between Pashmina's thighs--!

SLAM!

Howdy and Jingle suddenly vanished as Bijou shut her locker and whirled around. She smiled slyly. "I see London, I see France...!" she called to Pashmina.

"Holy--!" Pashmina spat out the water and stood up quickly, crossing her legs.

"Crap!" Jingle swore.

"Damnit!" Howdy added.

"Tee hee, I'm just kidding! I can't see no underwear." Bijou giggled.

"For the love of God, Bijou. DON'T DO THAAAAAAAAAAT!" Pashmina wailed, covering her face with her hands. Bijou giggled again. "Where's your folder?" Pashmina noticed that Bijou was still empty-handed. Bijou

frowned. "Eet's not in zhere!" she replied. "Then, where is it?" Pashmina's eyes widened.

"Wait! Now I remember! Sandy borrowed eet zhis morning. She told moi to get eet from her locker when I had zee chance!" Bijou snapped her fingers. "You know the combo, right?" Pashmina asked. "Of course! Let me go get eet. You go ahead and try to find what we need for tonight." Bijou said.

"Okay!" Pashmina nodded. "By the way...can you get her sweater for me too?" the blonde added nervously.

"Hmmm...not really!" Bijou shrugged.

"BI-JOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUU?!"

"I'll try."

A few minutes later, Pashmina was scouting the aisles for the perfect books. Finally, she found an encyclopedia set. She chose the one she needed and headed to a table. The library today was empty, excluding the librarian who was borrowing one of the school laptops.

And Howdy and Jingle.

The two peeked out from behind a shelf of comic books. Both had comics spawled over their heads as a form of blending in. "There she is!" Howdy mumbled. "Dude, if we don't get'er this time, I think I'll scream. I'm dying to know what's she's got down there!" Jingle told him. "Pfft! You and me both!" Howdy agreed.

Suddenly, Pashmina stood up and walked over to the young people's fiction section of the library. "There she goes!" Howdy gasped. "Where can we go to get a peek?" Jingle squinted. "Not sure. There ain't any hiding spots." Howdy replied. That gave Jingle an idea. "Oh, yes there is!" he smirked.

Ziping past Howdy, he tiptoed across the library and hid under every other table as he ran in order to remain unseen. Howdy followed in trail. When he reached the other side, Jingle peeked into the aisle Pashmina was in. She was squatted down on her knees, looking at books in the bottom shelf. "Oh, THANK YOU, THANK YOU GOD!_" _Jingle mouthed at the ceiling.

He sneaked into the aisle next to Pashmina's that was facing her back. He got down on his knees and crawled to the spot where Pashmina could be seen past the books. Then, he flattened down on his stomach and turned on the camera. Howdy peeked at him from outside the aisle. Jingle pressed Record--again and leaned forward.

Howdy had to clamp his hand over his mouth to contain his excitement. _HE'S DOING IT! **WE'RE** DOING IT...HE'S DOING IT!_ he mentally squealed.

But, almost as if the Devil himself hated seeing them committing a sexual sin out of unstable hormones, Howdy stepped back--and knocked down a whole miniature column of books! Pashmina screamed in response and stood up. Howdy fled for his life. Jingle sprang to his feet and stepped on it as well.

Both boys ran into each other, and hid behind the library window's curtains. "Dude, WHAT was that?!" Jingle hissed. "I'm sorry! That was **my** bad, bud!" Howdy flinched in guilt. "WHAT?! And I almost had her too!" Jingle wanted to strangle Howdy.

"I'm just a person, you mohawked emo! You would've made the same mistake!" Howdy countered. "Just because I look good in a mohawk, does NOT make me an emo!" Jingle hissed. "Besides, you weren't even supposed to be hanging arou--"

"SHUSH! Don't ya' see she's gonna hear us?" Howdy suddenly hushed him. "Don't you 'shush' me, I'm talking to you!" Jingle scolded. "NO! I mean, Pashmina's close by, stupid!" Howdy glared impatiently. Jingle peeked from the curtains with Howdy and saw the librarian, Ms. Ryan with Pashmina. The somewhat-young woman was bend over, picking up the books. Pashmina was helping.

"Obviously they were stored incorrectly and eventually fell over from lack of balance." Ms. Ryan seemed to be explaining the books' collapse. "Sooooo...nothing or nobody else could've possibly knocked them over?" Pashmina asked nervously. "Oh, heavens no! There's nobody here but us!" Ms. Ryan laughed.

When they were done placing the books on a table, they stood up. "Are you okay by the way, sweetheart? You look a little shaken up." Ms. Ryan asked. "Y-Yeah. Of course! Just a little shocked by the books." Pashmina nodded. There was silence for a few seconds.

"...Ms. Ryan, can I ask you a question?"

"Of course, Pashmina."

"D-Do...do you think this skirt is a little on the short side? Like, a little on the 'so-freakishly-short-enough-for-the-airheaded-plastic-porn-stars-who-have-no-pride' short side?"

"Of course not! In fact, it greatly flatters those attractive legs of yours!"

"WhydidIhavetohavethelegsofastreetwhore..."

"I'm sorry?"

"Can I check out these books please?"

Jingle just then nudged Howdy. "Hey Howds. Do you see that air vent on the wall by the check-out counter?" he pointed across the room to where Pashmina and Ms. Ryan were heading. "Yeah. And?" Howdy asked. "Don't you find it coincidental that an air vent very similar to that one is right behind us and that they could possibly be connected to each other?" Jingle continued.

"I guess...but where are you going with this?" Howdy scratched his head. Jingle sighed. "Hel-looooo?" he held up the digital camera.

It didn't take long for Howdy to get it.

"Come on, Jingle, MOVE! Pashmina'll probably be happily married and

have had her husband take off her lingerie for her on their honeymoon by the time we get to the other side!" Howdy angrily shoved Jingle by his sneaker two-and-a-half minutes later.

The two boys were crawling across the room through the narrow air vent. Jingle lost balance from the shove and landed on his stomach. He snapped his head over his shoulder.

"Stupid! You almost made me land on the camera!" he clutched the camera, safe and almost-secure in his sweater pocket. He heard a click from his fingers turning a dial, but ignored it. He crawled faster to satisfy Howdy.

"Remind me again why you decided to use an **air vent **to upskirt a girl!" Howdy shook his head. "Hey, I've seen it in all the movies! This hiding spot works if you have a video camera!" Jingle replied.

Suddenly he saw a couple rays of light illuminate the dull air vent. There was an opening in the end of the tunnel. Howdy and Jingle quickly peeked through it. They were at floor-level and staring at Pashmina by the check-out counter. Ms. Ryan was attempting to fix the screwed-up computer to check out Pashmina's books. They could barely hear her swearing to herself.

"It worked!" Jingle secretly pumped his fist. "Cool! AND we can see her underwear!" Howdy squealed and pointed.

Sure enough, they could see specks of cloth between Pashmina's thighs. But it was almost impossible to see, it almost looked like a hallucination. Jingle grinned like an idiot--a horny idiot. "Finally!" he whispered.

He pulled the camera out and faced it towards Pashmina's butt. "Lemme zoom it in." he muttered as he pressed the Zoom button a few times. Then, they could see it. Howdy peeked at the screen and smiled.

"She's beautiful!" he said dreamily. "My life has new meaning." Jingle could feel his mouth start to water. "Record the moment, damnit! Record the freakin' moment!" Howdy urged. "You got it!" Jingle pressed the Record button.

And the most horrific thing happened.

There was a eye-blinding flash that could be seen from the whole library come from the camera.

Pashmina saw the flash from the mirror behind Ms. Ryan and shrieked at the top of her lungs. Her first thought was that somebody had just taken a picture of her underwear. Ms. Ryan saw the flash from the corners of her eye and looked up. "What was that?" she perked up. Pashmina practically hopped over the counter and hid behind Ms. Ryan.

"SOMEBODY TOOK A PICTURE OF MY BUUUUUUUUTTTTTTTTTT!" she cried. Tears were already forming in the back of her eyes. "What?! But how? Cameras aren't even allowed in the library. Let alone, the school!" the strawberry-blonde librarian exclaimed. "NO! I saw the flash! It was staring straight at my butt! Somebody wanted to look up my

skirt!" Pashmina screamed.

Howdy and Jingle had immedietaly reacted to the flash. By scurrying away.

"What's going on?!" Sandy and Bijou came running into the library. Bijou had met up with Sandy at her locker and had heard Pashmina's panicked screams from the halls. "Somebody upskirted me!" Pashmina was ready to lose her sanity. "I SAW THE FLASH! I SAW IT, I SWEAR! And now they have a picture of my underwear!"

"**WHAT!?!*" Sandy yelped angrily as Pashmina hugged Bijou in fright. "Who?! Who tried to upskirt you?" Bijou asked. "I don't know! All I saw was a flash and I screamed." Pashmina told her.

"Ohhhh no!" Sandy's eyes flashed in rage. "Like, NOOOOOO freakin' way! NOBODY takes a picture of MY girl Pashmina's underwear! Or Bijou's! Or Crystal's! Or ANYBODY in that matter! Not on my watch!"

"PASHMINA?!*" Sandy turned to the freaked-out blonde. "Where exactly did you see that flash?" she demanded. "Over there! Right behind me." Pashmina pointed towards the wall.

She then started to cry on Bijou again. "I was bended over too, Bijou! I'M SUCH A WHOOOOORRRRE!" Bijou hugged her, sweatdropping. "Oh, noooooo! Don't say zhat, Pashmina dear!"

"Come on, Pashy! We're gonna go find your sleazy stalker and make sure the memory of that camera going up his ass burns into his mind!" Sandy turned on her heel and stormed towards the exit.

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"WHAT just happened?!" Howdy bust out of the vent outside in the hall that also happened to be connected to the one in the library the second Jingle did.

"I have NO clue! This damn thing was supposed to be on video-camera mode!" Jingle pulled out the digital camera and scanned through it. What had gone wrong?

Then, he froze. "Oh crap..."

"What?" Howdy nearly knocked Jingle off his feet from trying to see the camera. "This thing was on camera-mode when I pressed the button. With flash." Jingle said. "How did that happen?" Howdy's jaw dropped. "I dunno!"

Then, Jingle remembered the click when he turned the unknown dial on the camera a few minutes ago. "**Damnit! **I must've switched the mode by mistake when I almost dropped it."

"WHAT?! You idiot! Now Pashy's gonna be onto us for sure!" Howdy scolded. "No worries about that, Howds. I got a crystal-clear picture of her despite the flash!" Jingle held up the camera. "Really?" Howdy perked up. "I think so." Jingle said. "I mean, if you tip it to the right like this, you see a speck of pink in between her legs."

Suddenly the screen started to fade and blink. "Where? I can't see." Howdy squinted.

"ACK! The battery's dying!" Jingle went wide-eyed.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I **must **see the picture!" Howdy snatched the camera away from Jingle and smacked it. "Don't smack it like that!" Jingle smacked Howdy on the head. "Shake it!"

"I'm shaking, I'm shaking!" Howdy shook the camera.

"That is NOT shaking! Shake it like a man!" Jingle yelled.

"I AM shaking like a man!" Howdy shot back.

"Don't yell at me!" Jingle shouted.

"I'M NOT YELLING!" Howdy cried.

"SHAKE THE DAMN CAMERA, WE'RE LOSING THE PICTURE!" Jingle screamed.

"YOU shake it! My arms hurt!" Howdy threw the camera at Jingle. Jingle barely caught it. "Come on, come on! LIVE!" he started shaking the camera like a madman.

"I can't see the thong!" Howdy peered at the screen. "It wasn't a thong, stupid!" Jingle glared. "Then, what was it?" Howdy asked. "LIKE I SHOULD KNOW!" Jingle groaned impatiently.

"We're losing the batteries!" Howdy exclaimed. Jingle shook it harder. "No, we can't! I didn't even save the picture!"

Howdy practically jumped up and down. "Come on, Jingle. Shake it like you mean it. Shake it like you mean it!"

"Hey guys--!" Just then, Sandy, Pashmina and Bijou came walking towards them from the library. And they had just spotted the camera. Jingle and Howdy were frozen in fear and shock.

"RUN LIKE YOU MEAN IT, RUN LIKE YOU MEAN IT!" Jingle cried.

And they ran.

â™¥

Stan blushed a faded crimson when we found Crystal lying on the floor, rubbing her head. "Owww..." Crystal flinched and looked up. She glared when she found who it was that had knocked her over and was still standing.

"Ugh! As if my day couldn't get any crappier. Watch where you're going, Stanley! You could've knocked me unconscious for all I know!" she snapped.

"I-I'm sorry, Crys! Are you okay?" Stan knelt down and picked up some of Crystal's books that she had dropped. She ignored him and picked up books herself. When they were done, they stood up

together.

"Here." Stan sheepishly handed Crystal's books to her. "Why are you here for anyways? Couldn't get enough of the satisfaction of staring at the giant imperfection on my face?" she snapped when she took the books.

"What are you talking about? I'm just going to class!" Stan cocked an eyebrow. "Sure you were!" Crystal smiled sarcastically and nodded. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going into the girls' room. To look in the mirrors. You know? To check how my** fat, ugly **zit is doing up there!"

"Crystal, not to be rude...but WHAT THE HELL are you talking about?!" Stan exclaimed. He then bent close to Crystal's face and squinted dramatically. "I don't see any zit!"

Crystal scoffed and stepped back. "Of course not! You wouldn't KNOW what one looked like, seeing as which you never had one before, Mr. I-Look-So-Good-I-Could-Be-The-Next-Proactiv-Celebrity-Model!"

It was Stan's turn to scoff. "Are you still mad about last night? I mean, it was ****just ****a plastic spider! I see no threat in that." he said.

"I couldn't give a damn about your pathetic spider! It was your attitude towards bringing us acne-prone people down that threw me off the edge!" Crystal glared. Stan almost laughed in her face. _She's pissed about THAT?! What is the matter with this child?_

"Okay, no offense Crys. But have you been taking some kind of ultra-strength Estrogen pills or something? You have been acting really wierd lately! Almost overly-sensitive to be exact!" Stan told her. Crystal's jaw dropped. "Are you calling me a drama queen?!" she demanded.

"I can't believe I'm saying this,
but...**YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! ** For
God's sake Crys, what is with you? As a matter of fact, you and the
other girls have been really touchy these days!" Stan
answered.

"Touchy? Us? What makes you think that?" Crystal asked. Stan gave her a "Are-you-serious?!" drop of the jaw. "Dude, you're kidding right? Last night, I pranked you with a fake spider and you threw me out your window. You call that normal?!"

"Okay, so I'm a little unbalanced. But I have my reasons, okay?" Crystal sighed. "Do I wanna know what they are?" Stan asked curiously. "Hmm...not really! The last thing I want is to get a ****guy**** involved with my problems!" Crystal refused. Stan almost laughed out loud.

"Honestly, women these days need to come with some kind of big, fat user's manual, cause I just understand them less and less everyday!" he said sarcastically. "Oh yeah?! Well, guys should be walking around with their own giant bibles, describing the Reason for Creation, the Ten Commandments and everything!" Crystal shot back.

"HA! You're funny, Crys! You should write that down!" Stan taunted.

"Ugh," Crystal rolled her eyes impatiently. "I have somewhere to be, so will you PLEASE excuse me?"

Yet, she shoved Stan to the side before he could even reply. He smacked dead-on with the wall. "Well, aren't you the polite, little dutchess?!" he jeered. Crystal send him a careless wave without turning back.

When she was out of earshot, Stan was free to grip his shoulder and wince in pain. "Oww...!"

â™¥

"Psst!"

Stan looked up automatically. He was in History class a few hours after him and Crystal's run-in. Everybody was taking French Revolution notes from the projector screen in the front of the room. Personally, he couldn't give a crap about old dead guys whose idea of total revolution was breaking into a fifty-something foot prison, but he had forgotten his iPod in his locker, so there was nothing else to do but copy them.

There wasn't a sound in the room except for the scribbling and scratching of the twenty-something pencils and the teacher flipping pages of his novel, waiting for the four minutes he gave the kids to finish writing the notes to pass. And for the mysterious "Psst!" he had barely heard underneath the noise of the pencils.

He turned his head to the right. Everybody in his right side was too preoccupied with the notes. After all, they were timed to write these things. He could see Hamtaro writing so fast, that he swear he could see smoke wafting off of the paper. No surprise. The poor kid could barely read(or so Stan predicted), let alone write down what he was reading. Maxwell as well was lost in the notes.

Blinking, Stan turned to the left. Then he saw Crystal leaning towards Pashmina's desk. Crystal sat to Stan's left, one seat behind him. Pashmina sat directly to Crystal's left. The pretty blonde was peeking up at the notes every other second. Crystal was attempting to catch Pashmina's attention, keeping a cautious eye on the teacher.

Pashmina!

Pashmina finally caught Crystal's eye after Crystal's hiss. "It's about time! Here!" she muttered in between her teeth, holding out a folded note. Pashmina peeked at the teacher for a split second before ducking low in her desk. "***Now?!*** Can't you see we're being timed?" she whispered.

"Pashy, this is an emergency, now take the damn note and read it!" Crystal urged. "What kind of emergency?" Pashmina sighed almost impatiently. "Read the effin' note and you'll see!" Crystal threw the note under Pashmina's chair, sat up straight and pretended to keep writing without another word. Pashmina was ready to protest with a "But...but!" look plastered on her face.

Stan smirked at the sight of the piece of paper underneath Pashmina's legs, which were covered now by matching leggings. It reminded of

Jingle and Howdy's little Mission Impossible.

Wonder if they got anything yet? he wondered silently. After all, he hadn't seen either of them since that morning. Pashmina bent and--a little too quickly--scooped up the note. She carefully unfolded it and ran her eyes throughout the paper.

Suddenly, she slapped her hand over the paper and turned pale. Crystal noticed this movement and tilted her head towards Pashmina. Her pretty blue-green eyes were round and wide and her mouth formed a perfect O. She gaped at Crystal with disbelief. "Oh...my...God." she whispered.

Crystal nodded.

"Crys...this has never--" Pashmina was cut off by her own shock.

"You know what to do with it." Crystal tilted her chin towards the note on Pashmina's lap. "Okay." the blonde agreed quietly.

Stan blinked. _What was that about? And what did Crys mean by "You know what to do with it"?_ he thought. His curiosity had started to flash inside his brain when he saw the overwhelmed look on Pashmina's face. He finally shrugged it off. She's probably gonna toss it in the trash later on.

On the contrary. Cause that wasn't gonna be the last time he saw that piece of paper.

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>AN: WHOO! Finally! The end of chapter 2! This chapter took forever, but I got it done. Hope you enjoyed it, and sorry for the long wait. BTW, thanks for the sweet reviews. Keep 'em coming!
**

U.Kno.I.Luv.U!

**Crystalgurl101 **â™¥

End
file.